

W I N T E R.

ADIEU, ye groves—adieu, ye plains!
 All nature mourning lies;
 See gloomy clouds, and thick'ning rains,
 Obscure the lab'ring skies.

See from afar th'impending storm,
 With fullen haste appear;
 See Winter comes, a dreary form,
 To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs with gamesome bound,
 Rejoice the gladden'd sight;
 No more the gay enamell'd ground,
 Or Sylvan scenes delight.

Thus, O Maria! much lov'd maid,
 Thy early charms shall fail;
 The rose must droop, the lily fade,
 And Winter soon prevail.

Again, the lark, sweet bird of day,
 May rise on active wing:
 Again, the sportive herds may play,
 And hail reviving Spring.

But youth, my fair, sees no return,
 The pleasing bubble's o'er;
 In vain its fleeting joys you mourn,
 They fall, to bloom no more.

Haste then, dear girl! that time improve,
 Which art can ne'er regain;
 In blissful scenes of mutual love,
 With some distinguish'd swain.

So shall Life's spring, like jocund May,
 Pass smiling and serene;
 Thus Summer, Autumn, glide away,
 And Winters close the scene!